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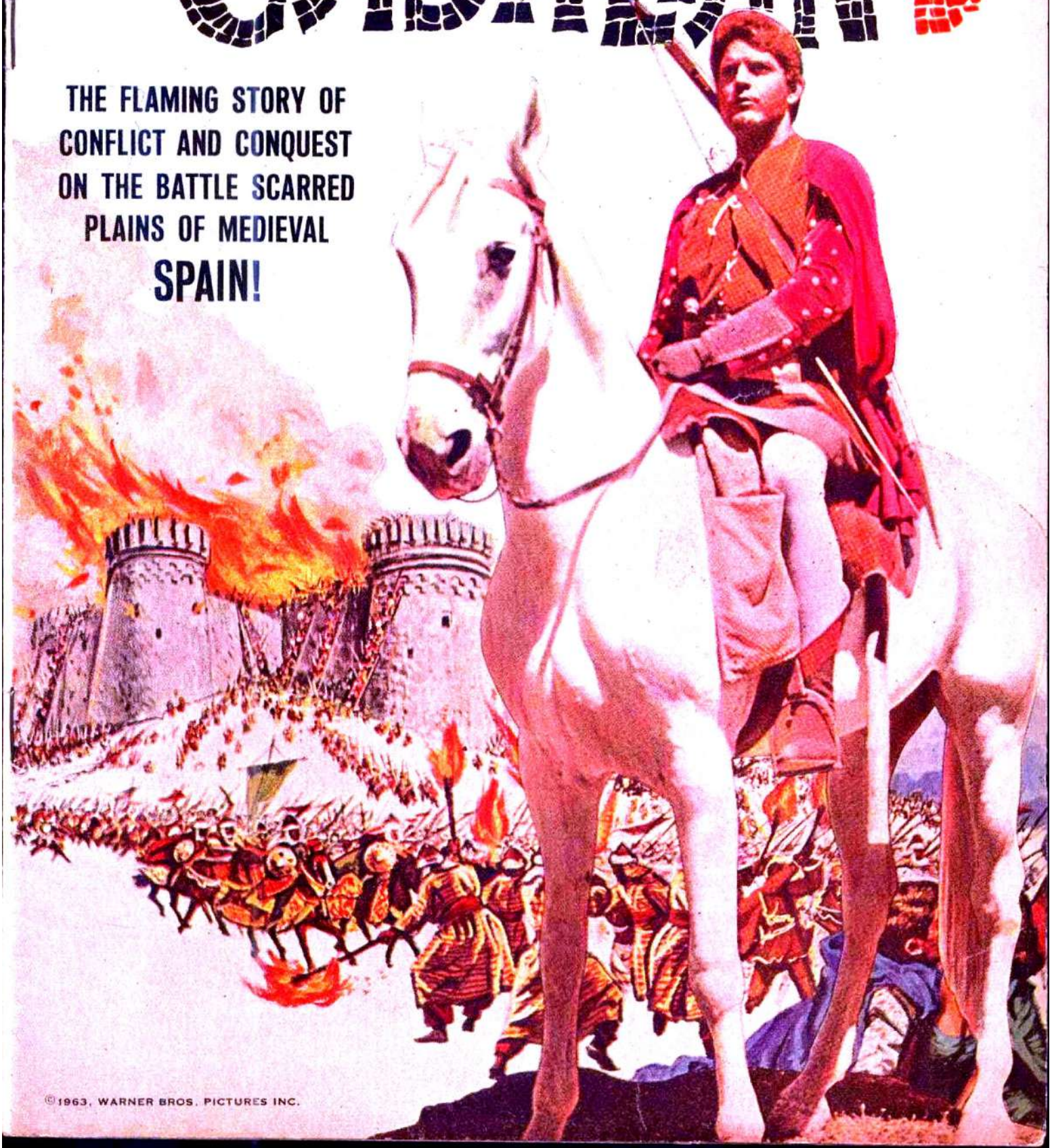
THE CASTILIAN

THE FLAMING STORY OF CONFLICT AND CONQUEST ON THE BATTLE SCARRED PLAINS OF MEDIEVAL SPAIN!



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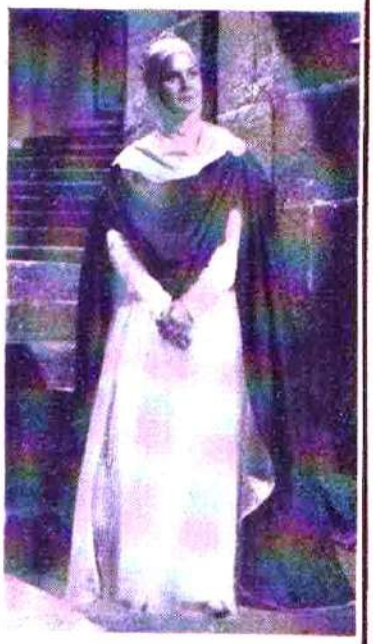
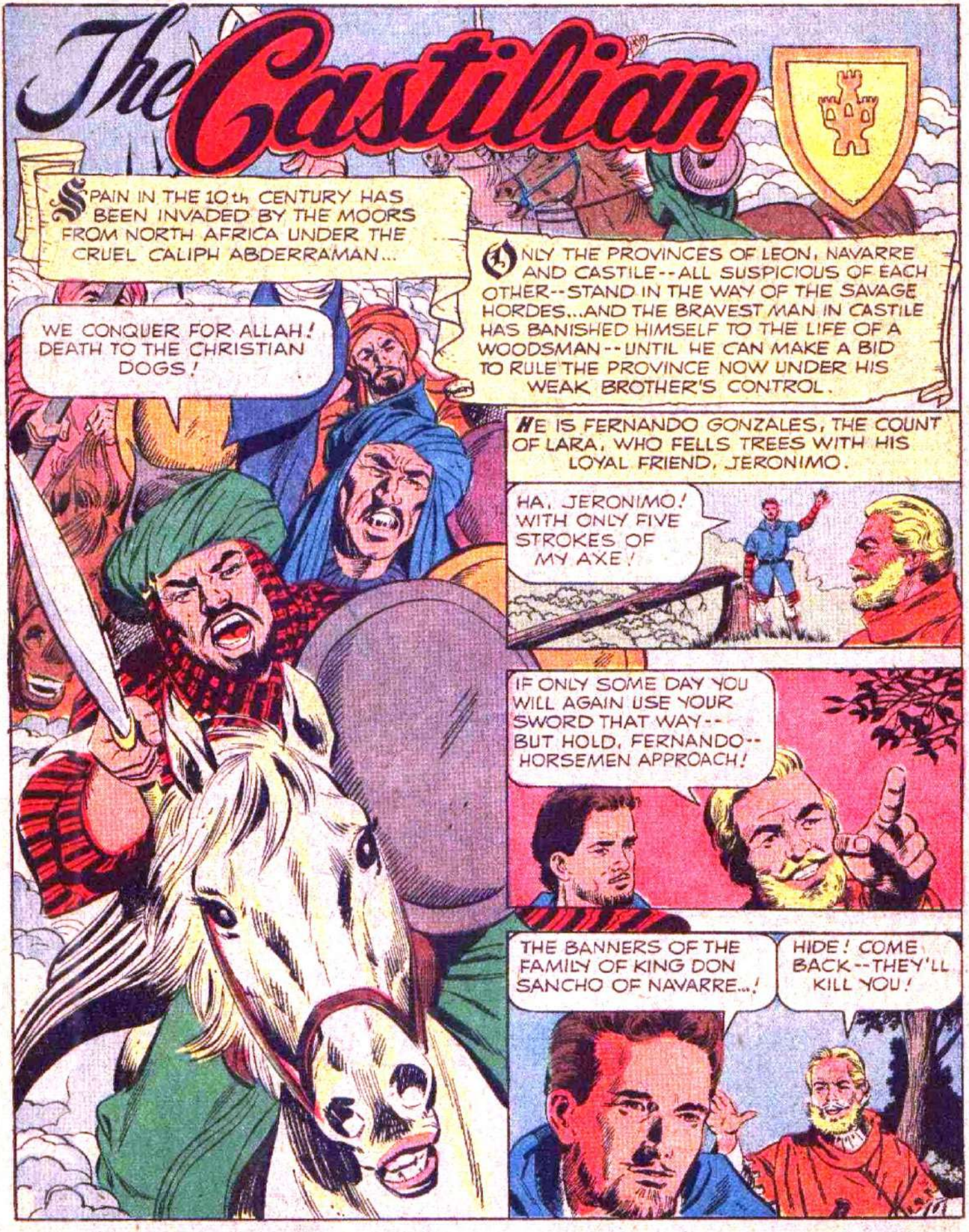
The SIDNEY PINK Production Starring **CESAR ROMERO · FRANKIE AVALON**
Guest Stars **BRODERICK CRAWFORD · ALIDA VALLI**
And Introducing **SPARTACO SANTONY · TERESA VELASQUEZ**
Executive Producer RICHARD C. MEYER · Produced by SIDNEY W. PINK
Directed by JAVIER SETO · PANACOLOR · Presented by WARNER BROS.

THE CASTILIAN

THE EPIC STORY OF FERNAN GONZALEZ

The action-packed story of one man's dramatic fight to unite his country against the relentless odds of civil strife and Moorish invaders.




The Castilian
SPAIN IN THE 10th CENTURY HAS BEEN INVADED BY THE MOORS FROM NORTH AFRICA UNDER THE CRUEL CALIPH ABDERRAMAN...
ONLY THE PROVINCES OF LEON, NAVARRE AND CASTILE--ALL SUSPICIOUS OF EACH OTHER--STAND IN THE WAY OF THE SAVAGE HORDES...AND THE BRAVEST MAN IN CASTILE HAS BANISHED HIMSELF TO THE LIFE OF A WOODSMAN--UNTIL HE CAN MAKE A BID TO RULE THE PROVINCE NOW UNDER HIS WEAK BROTHER'S CONTROL.
WE CONQUER FOR ALLAH! DEATH TO THE CHRISTIAN DOGS!
HE IS FERNANDO GONZALES, THE COUNT OF LARA, WHO FELLS TREES WITH HIS LOYAL FRIEND, JERONIMO.
HA, JERONIMO! WITH ONLY FIVE STROKES OF MY AXE!
IF ONLY SOME DAY YOU WILL AGAIN USE YOUR SWORD THAT WAY--BUT HOLD, FERNANDO--HORSEMEN APPROACH!
THE BANNERS OF THE FAMILY OF KING DON SANCHO OF NAVARRE...!
HIDE! COME BACK--THEY'LL KILL YOU!

THE CASTILIAN. November-January 1964. Published by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. Helen Meyer, President; William F. Callahan, Jr., Executive Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director. Single copy price 12¢. All rights reserved throughout the world. The events contained herein are fictional and any resemblance to any person, living or dead, is purely coincidental. Authorized edition. Based on the motion picture THE CASTILIAN. Printed in U.S.A. Designed and produced by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Copyright © 1963 Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.

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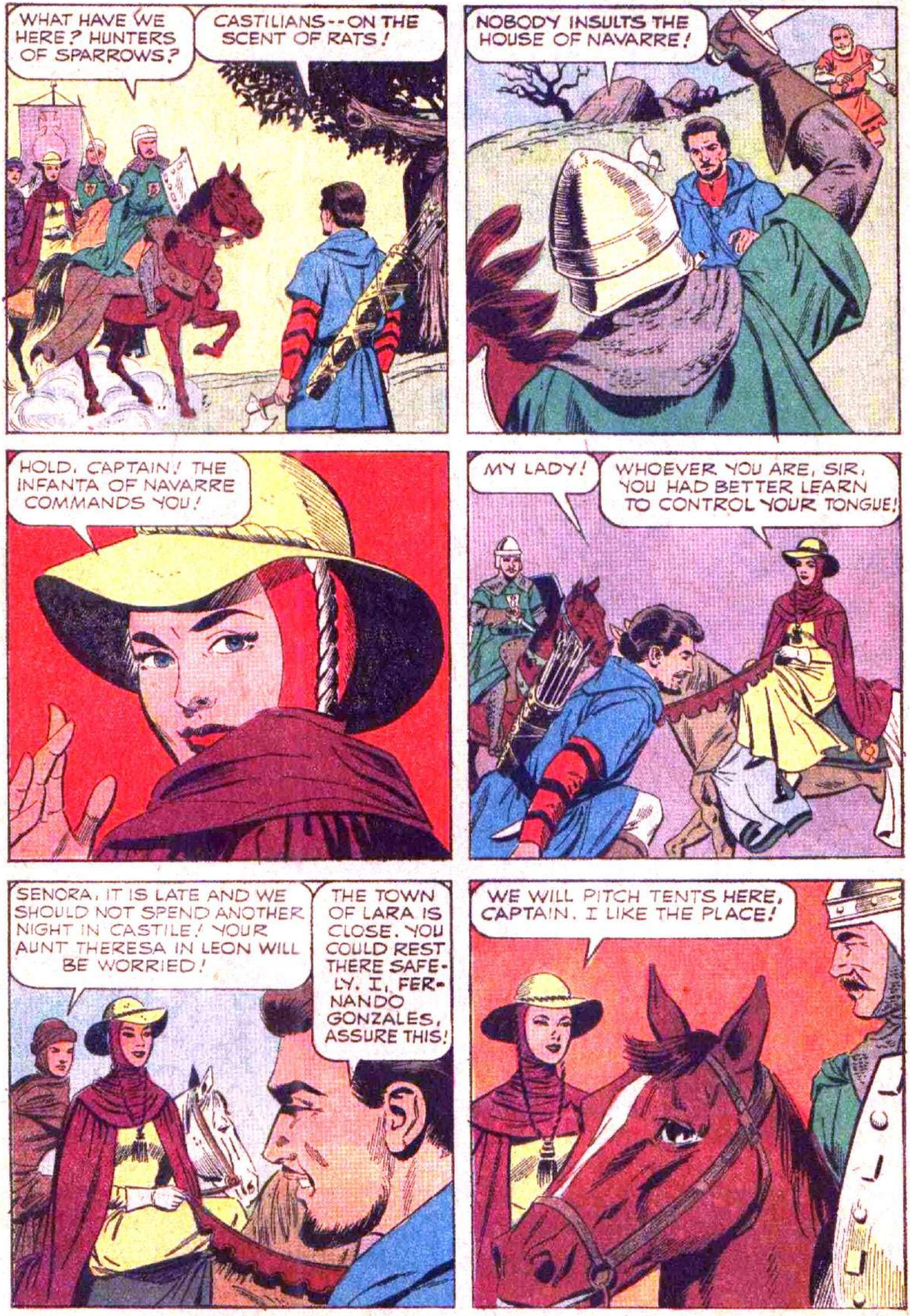
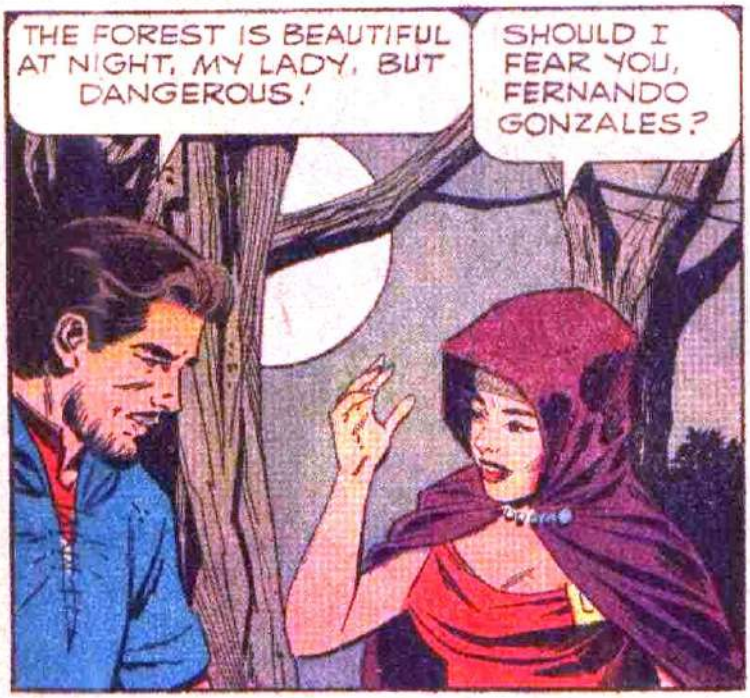
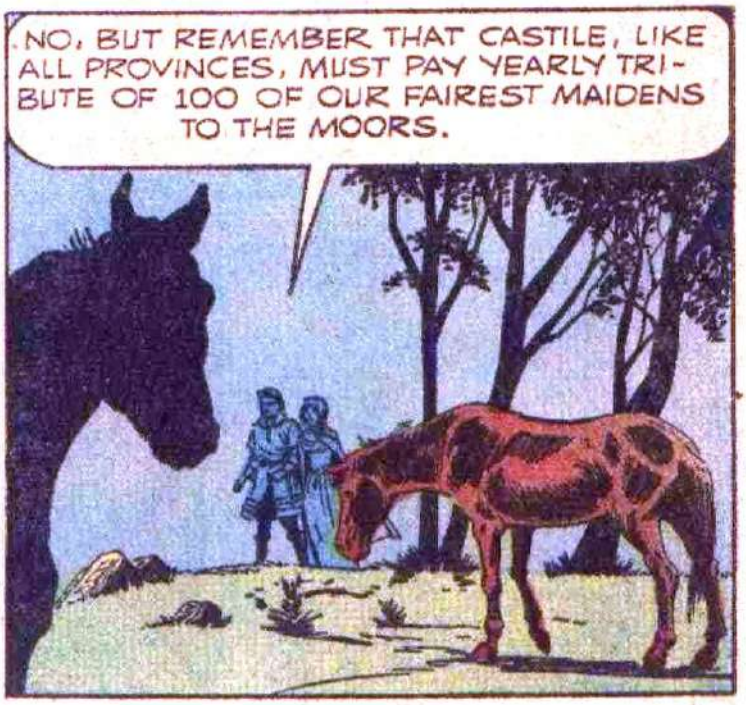

WHAT HAVE WE HERE? HUNTERS OF SPARROWS?
CASTILIANS--ON THE SCENT OF RATS!
NOBODY INSULTS THE HOUSE OF NAVARRE!
HOLD, CAPTAIN! THE INFANTA OF NAVARRE COMMANDS YOU!
MY LADY!
WHOEVER YOU ARE, SIR, YOU HAD BETTER LEARN TO CONTROL YOUR TONGUE!
SENORA, IT IS LATE AND WE SHOULD NOT SPEND ANOTHER NIGHT IN CASTILE! YOUR AUNT THERESA IN LEON WILL BE WORRIED!
THE TOWN OF LARA IS CLOSE. YOU COULD REST THERE SAFELY. I, FERNANDO GONZALES, ASSURE THIS!
WE WILL PITCH TENTS HERE, CAPTAIN. I LIKE THE PLACE!

SANCHA, PRINCESS OF NAVARRE, ON HER WAY TO VISIT HER AUNT, THE QUEEN OF LEON, MAKES CAMP IN THE CASTILIAN FOREST... AND IS UNABLE TO SLEEP.


THE FOREST IS BEAUTIFUL AT NIGHT, MY LADY, BUT DANGEROUS!
SHOULD I FEAR YOU, FERNANDO GONZALES?


NO, BUT REMEMBER THAT CASTILE, LIKE ALL PROVINCES, MUST PAY YEARLY TRIBUTE OF 100 OF OUR FAIREST MAIDENS TO THE MOORS.

SOME OF OUR MAIDENS HAVE RUN AWAY TO ESCAPE THEIR FATE. MEN EVEN NOW ARE HUNTING THEM SO THE TRIBUTE IS PAID ON TIME...
IF THEY SEE YOU-- THEY MAY NOT ASK QUESTIONS, MY LADY!

THIS TRIBUTE IS A BESTIAL CUSTOM. IT MUST BE STOPPED!
I INTEND TO STOP IT, MY LADY--AND WHEN I DO I WILL COME TO NAVARRE... TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

NEXT DAY, IN THE TOWN OF LARA.
IT IS! IT IS HE!
THANK HEAVEN YOU HAVE RETURNED! DON RODRIGO YOUR BROTHER, HAS DIED--
ALL OVER OUR PROVINCE, PRINCES, COUNTS AND CAPTAINS VIE TO BE LEADER OF CASTILE!
AND OUR OWN FERNANDO GONZALES, IS THE ONLY MAN!
SO BE IT, MY LORD! THE DAY HAS COME...
AND HERE--OUR GOOD FRIENDS INIGO AND GUSTIOS!
MY LORD, WE HAVE NO TIME! WE MUST DISCOVER AND DISCOURAGE ANY WHO OPPOSE YOUR ELECTION!
SOON, MY FRIENDS, BUT FIRST WE MUST GO TO COVARRUBIAS TO DEAL WITH THE MOORS WHO AWAIT OUR MAIDENS!
GATHER TO ME A TROOP OF 100 WARRIORS!

ONE HUNDRED MAIDENS AWAIT THE FATE-- THE MOORS WHO WILL TAKE THEM AWAY AS TRIBUTE...
HERE THEY COME... THE DOGS!
A GOOD SELECTION! THE CALIPH WILL BE PLEASED!
COME! WE MUST RETURN TO FERNANDO!
TWO HOURS LATER...
THE MAIDENS ARRIVE!
BUT THESE "MAIDENS" AND THEIR "ESCORT" ARE NOT WHAT THEY APPEAR TO BE!
DEATH TO THE MOORS! LET NONE ESCAPE!

FERNANDO, JERONIMO AND THEIR MEN HAVE DUPED THE MOORS AND FALL UPON THEM FEROCIOUSLY...
AND THE NEXT DAY SANCHA'S MINSTREL, ROMAN, COMPOSES A NEW BALLAD FOR HER...
MY LADY, LET ME DESCRIBE, IN SONG, THE GREAT FEATS OF THE COUNT OF LARA, FERNANDO GONZALES...
FERNANDO DID OVERTAKE THE MOORISH GUARDS... FERNANDO THEN DID RESCUE OUR FAIR MAIDENS... FERNANDO AND HIS MEN SO BOLD THEN ASSUMED THE GUISE OF MAIDENS FAIR... AND FELL UPON THE DREADFUL MOORS... AND CLAIMED A GREAT VICTORY, THERE...!"
"...AND SOON, THEY SAY, IN BURGOS CASTLE, CASTILE SHALL PICK A STRONG, NEW LEADER...!"
WE MUST DELAY NO LONGER! CASTILE NEEDS ONE BOLD LEADER. WHO SHALL IT BE?
DON NUNO HAS BEEN OUR MAIN COUNSELLOR. TELL US WHOM, DON NUNO!
THERE IS ONE, INDEED, WHO SHOULD LEAD US--FERNANDO GONZALES!
NO! AND FOR GOOD REASON...!

FERNANDO, THE COUNT OF LARA, HAS ENDANGERED ALL OF US BY RESISTING THE MOORS AND RESCUING THE MAIDENS!
AND I SAY THERE SHOULD BE MORE RESISTANCE!
FERNANDO...! YES, WITH THE RIGHT ONE LEADING US, ALL SPAIN WILL BE FREE!
CASTILE NEEDS A FIGHTER, NOT A PAYER OF TRIBUTE! WE WANT FERNANDO!
IF YOU WOULD HAVE ME--I ACCEPT! BUT I PROPOSE THIS...
NO MORE WILL CASTILE BE SUSPICIOUS OF NAVARRE AND LEON. WE MUST HAVE FRIENDSHIP AND ALLIANCE!
NOW, LET US MAKE PLANS FOR THE MOORS!
IN THE PALACE GARDEN OF THE CALIPH ABDERRAMAN...
MY GRAND VISIR... YOU HAVE NEWS?
UNWELCOME NEWS, EXCELLENCY!
THE TRIBUTE OF 100 MAIDENS HAS BEEN BROKEN IN CASTILE... AND OUR FORTRESS AT CARAZO CAPTURED?
HOW? BY WHOM?

CORAZO WAS LOST TO A FORCE LED BY THE NEW CASTILIAN LEADER, FERNANDO GONZALEZ...
UNDER A HUGE, BLACK SMOKE SCREEN THE CASTILIANS ADVANCED UNSEEN!

IN THE SPRING HE SHALL DIE--AND ALL CASTILIANS WITH HIM! SO TOO SHALL LEON AND NAVARRE-- THEN FRANCE AND ALL EUROPE!

AND IN THE COURT OF LEON, WHERE SANCHA VISITS HER AUNT THERESA...
ALL OVER WE HEAR OF THE DARING COUNT LARA! BUT HE WILL SURELY BRING THE CALIPH DOWN ON US IN THE SPRING!

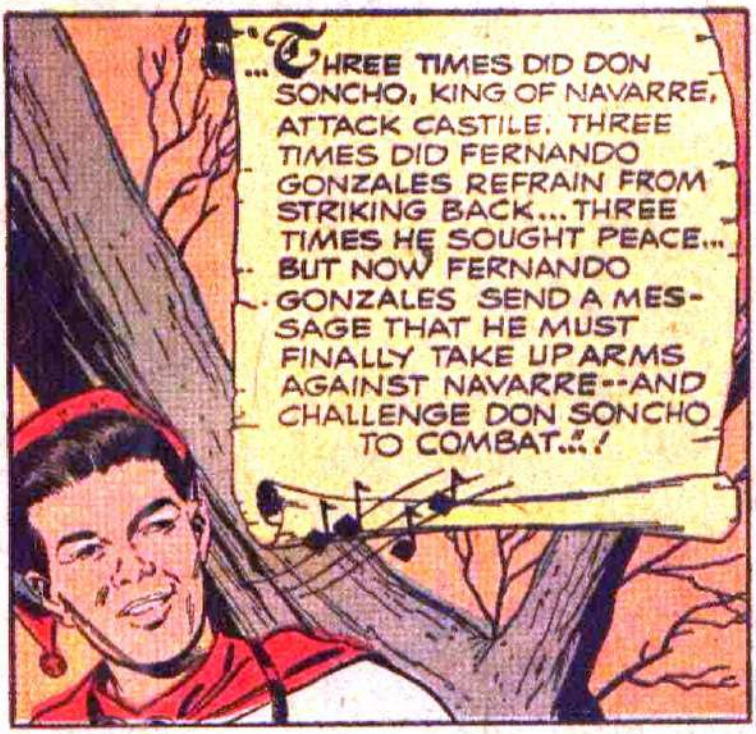
AND YET THERE IS MUCH TO ADMIRE IN THIS MAN. I HAVE CALLED HIM HERE TO LEARN HIS FULL INTENTIONS!
HERE, MY LORD...?

I TRUST THAT IS NOT DELIGHT ON YOUR FACE, MY CHILD!

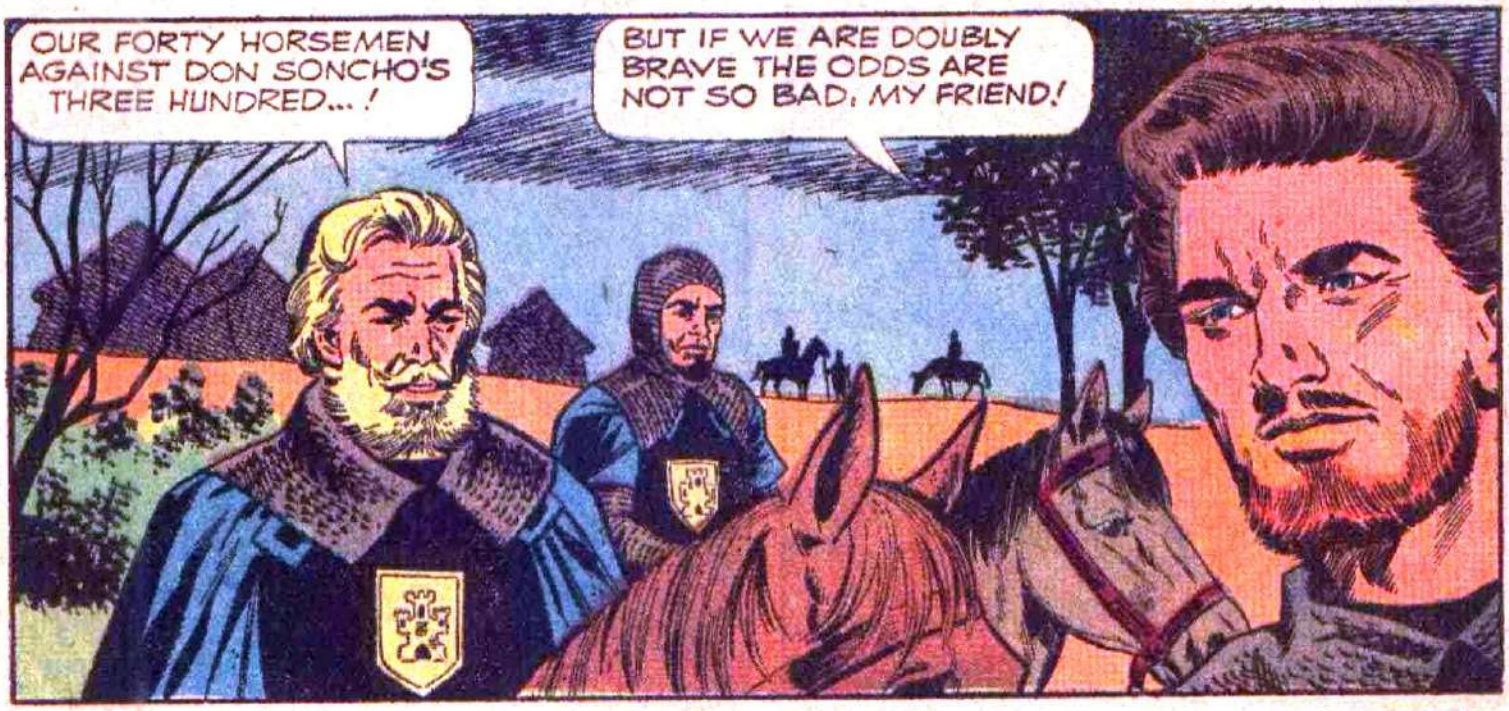
AND WITHIN A WEEK, FERNANDO GONZALEZ ARRIVES AT LEON...
...MY INTENTIONS, EXCELLENCY? A TRIPLE ALLIANCE WITH LEON AND NAVARRE TO DESTROY THE MOORS!
AND SURELY YOU HAVE A PRICE FOR YOUR PART!

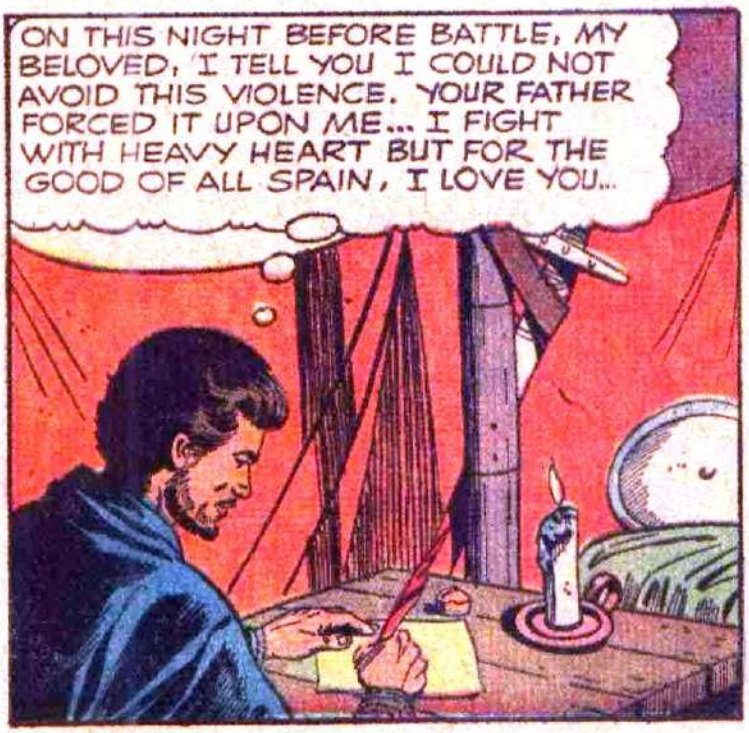
MY PRICE, YOUR EXCELLENCY, IS INDEPENDENCE OF CASTILE FROM LEON...
AND HOW DO YOU CONVINCE NAVARRE TO JOIN YOU?
BY MARRIAGE TO THE INFANTA SANCHA, IF SHE WILL HAVE ME!
SHE IS SOMEWHERE IN THIS GARDEN IF YOU WOULD KNOW YOUR CHANCES FROM HER OWN LIPS!
COUNT LARA--THE COUNT OF CASTILE! I--I HAD HEARD YOU HAD ARRIVED!
AND IN ALL LEON I HAVE BEHELD NOTHING NOR NO ONE AS LOVELY AS YOU!
YOU ARE AS FLATTERING AS YOU ARE BRAVE, MY COUNT!
THEN LISTEN FURTHER... WHEN YOU RETURN TO LEON TELL YOUR FATHER, SONCHO, I WANT PEACE. I WILL WAR ONLY AGAINST THE PAGAN MOORS!
AND ADD THIS...THE DAY FERNANDO GONZALEZ BECOMES RICH AND POWERFUL--HE WILL GO TO NAVARRE TO CLAIM ITS PRINCESS!

"When she returned to Navarre, my lady, Sancha, faced a furious father who would have none of his daughter's dreams about Fernando Gonzales. Don Soncho, King of Navarre, summoned his daughter and his weak-willed son, Don Garcia"...
I tell you this scoundrel has eyes on Navarre and Leon. He will not have my daughter!
He gets entangled with the Moors and seeks our help!
We prefer peace with the Caliph Abderraman, do we not, father?
I will talk about the preferences here, Don Garcia! And I prefer, now, to destroy this Fernando Gonzales!
My king -- my father -- then you destroy me!
Don Soncho of Navarre is as good as his word. The Navarrese lay waste town after town in Castile!


...THREE TIMES DID DON SONCHO, KING OF NAVARRE, ATTACK CASTILE. THREE TIMES DID FERNANDO GONZALES REFRAIN FROM STRIKING BACK... THREE TIMES HE SOUGHT PEACE... BUT NOW FERNANDO GONZALES SEND A MESSAGE THAT HE MUST FINALLY TAKE UP ARMS AGAINST NAVARRE--AND CHALLENGE DON SONCHO TO COMBAT...!

TELL YOUR LORD COUNT FERNANDO I ACCEPT! TELL HIM I WILL COME TO SMASH HIM AT VALPIERRE!


OUR FORTY HORSEMEN AGAINST DON SONCHO'S THREE HUNDRED...!
BUT IF WE ARE DOUBLY BRAVE THE ODDS ARE NOT SO BAD, MY FRIEND!


ON THIS NIGHT BEFORE BATTLE, MY BELOVED, I TELL YOU I COULD NOT AVOID THIS VIOLENCE. YOUR FATHER FORCED IT UPON ME... I FIGHT WITH HEAVY HEART BUT FOR THE GOOD OF ALL SPAIN, I LOVE YOU...

IF I DO NOT SURVIVE THE MORNING'S BATTLE, JERONIMO, YOU MUST... AND YOU MUST GET THIS TO NAVARRE!

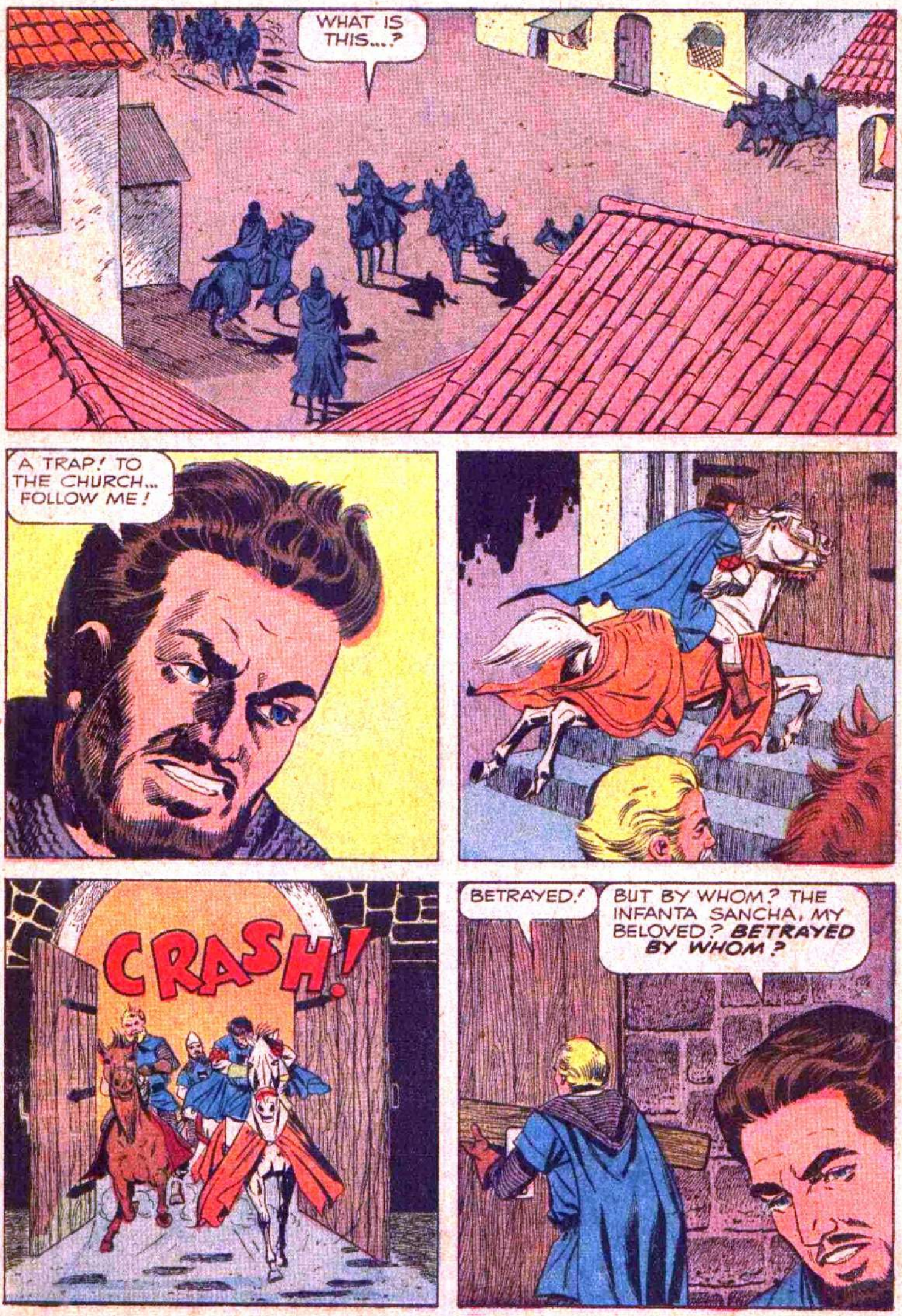
NAVARRE APPROACHES, MY LORD!
WITH HIS THOUSAND FOOT SOLDIERS AGAINST OUR FIVE HUNDRED!
FORWARD, NAVARRES, BEHIND YOUR KING!
NOW IS THE MOMENT FOR CASTILE--AND FOR A UNITED SPAIN! EVERY MAN MUST ACCOUNT FOR TWO!
AND, IN A MOMENT, THE BATTLE IS JOINED...!

FROM OUT OF THE ROAR OF BATTLE, DON SONCHO, KING OF NAVARRE, PLUNGES TOWARD FERNANDO GONZALES...
COUNT OF CASTILE, YOUR TIME HAS COME!
CLANG!
CRACK!

MORTALLY STRUCK, DON SONCHO OF NAVARRE FALLS. HIS HEAVY ARMOR WEIGHTS HIM DOWN...
SPLASH!
HOW GOES IT, JERONIMO?
WHEN THE NAVERRESE SAW THEIR KING STRUCK DOWN THEY LOST THEIR WILL TO FIGHT... WE HAVE WON, MY LORD!
YOUR WOUND IS NOT FATAL, MY LORD!
GOOD... I WANT CASTILIANS AND NAVARRESE BURIED TOGETHER. AND WE WILL TAKE THE BODY OF DON SONCHO BACK TO NAVARRE WITH FULL HONORS!
..."THUS DID CASTILIAN CAVALIERS RETURN TO NAVARRE WITH THE DEAD KING, TO BE RECEIVED WITH DIGNITY... ALTHOUGH DANGER AWAITED FOR ONE OF THEM!"

IN THE PRIVACY OF THE ROYAL BURIAL CRYPT, ONE HOODED CASTILIAN CAVALIER STAYS ON--AND IS RECOGNIZED!
DON FERNANDO--YOU DARE COME HERE!
TO BEG YOUR FORGIVENESS, MY BELOVED, FOR SOMETHING I COULD NOT AVOID!
HOW CAN WE THINK OR TALK OF LOVE WHEN YOU HAVE KILLED MY FATHER! MY BROTHER, NOW KING, AND MY AUNT TERESA OF LEON WILL SURELY SEEK REVENGE!
GO, NOW, BEFORE I... I MYSELF, IN SORROW, CALL THE GUARDS!
IN HIS ANGUISH, FERNANDO GONZALES TURNS FROM THOUGHTS OF THE LOVELY SANCHA AND RENEWS HIS WAR AGAINST THE MOORS. ALONE, WITHOUT ALLIES, HE MUST USE HIT-AND-RUN TACTICS...
BUT NOW, THE KING OF LEON ANNOUNCES TO HIS QUEEN TERESA...
DON FERNANDO IS COMING HERE...!
HE KILLED MY BROTHER! I WANT NO LIASON WITH HIM...ONLY REVENGE!
...GIVE YOU THE HAND OF THE INFANTA OF NAVARRE? MY COUNT OF CASTILE, YOU HAVE BROUGHT SORROW TO NAVARRE AND LEON...
THE NEW KING, DON GARCIA, IS TOO YOUNG TO GRANT THIS MARRIAGE...
ONLY MY QUEEN, THE DEAD KING'S SISTER, CAN MAKE THAT DECISION... IN THE NAME OF PEACE I WILL DO WHAT I CAN WITH QUEEN TERESA!

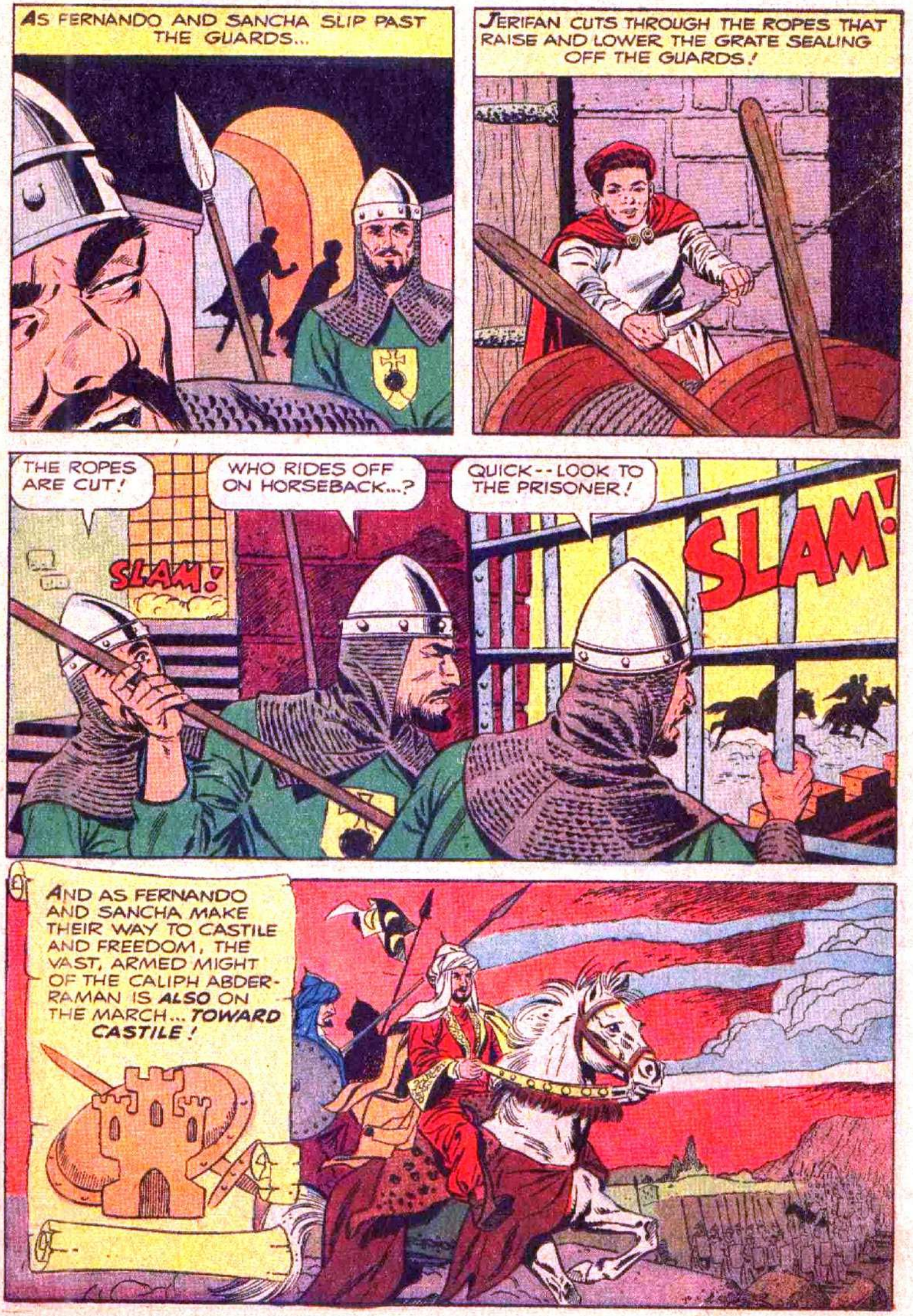
"GRUDGINGLY DID QUEEN TERESA GIVE HER CONSENT FOR SANCHA TO MARRY FERNANDO GONZALES, AND SO KING GARCIA OF NAVARRE ANNOUNCED THAT THE WEDDING CONTRACT WOULD BE SIGNED IN THE TOWN OF CERUNEA...
HOWEVER, IT WAS SUGGESTED THAT THE COUNT FERNANDO AND FIVE OF HIS CAVALIERS MUST COME TO CERUNEA UNARMED OUT OF COURTESY TO THEIR HOSTS...!"
YOU MAY DREAM OF YOUR FAIR SANCHA, MY LORD, BUT I DREAM OF CAVALRY TO FIGHT THE MOORS... MAY THIS UNION PROVIDE ALLIES FROM LEON AND NAVARRE!
AH, CERUNEA AT LAST!
BUT NOT A SOUL IN THE PLAZA!
I DO NOT LIKE THIS! IT DOES NOT FEEL LIKE A WEDDING!
NOR DOES DON GARCIA, KING OF NAVARRE, LOOK AS THOUGH HE HEADS A JOYOUS WELCOMING COMMITTEE!


WHAT IS THIS...?
A TRAP! TO THE CHURCH... FOLLOW ME!
CRASH!
BETRAYED!
BUT BY WHOM? THE INFANTA SANCHA, MY BELOVED? BETRAYED BY WHOM?

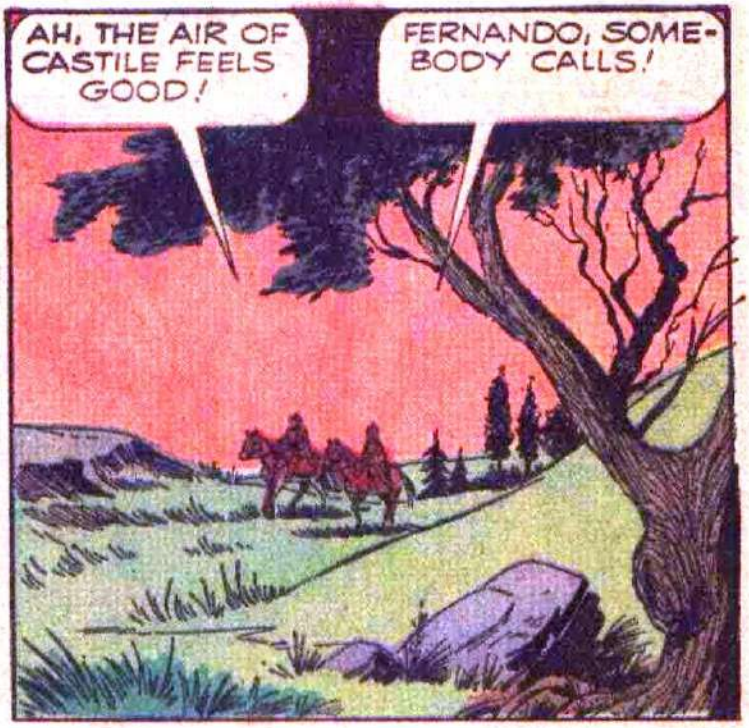
DON FERNANDO, YOU WILL ESCAPE DEATH ONLY IF YOU SURRENDER!
BAM! BAM!
DON'T TRUST HIM, MY LORD. WE WILL MAKE THEM PAY DEARLY FOR ALL OUR LIVES!
OPEN THE DOOR, JERONIMO!
ONLY IF THE OTHERS MAY GO, DON GARCIA!
AGREED!
"THUS FOR THE SAKE OF LOVE, ... THE CASTILIAN COUNT WAS CAUGHT IN THE TRAP KING GARCIA HAD PREPARED TO AVENGE HIS FATHER'S DEATH... A TRAP DESIGNED BY QUEEN TERESA! AND NOW DON FERNANDO LANGUISHES IN A DUNGEON IN NAVARRE...!"
AND IN THE PALACE OF THE CALIPH...
GOOD! THE COUNT OF CASTILE IN A NAVARRESE PRISON. WITHOUT HIM THIS LAND IS HELPLESS... PREPARE THE ATTACK!

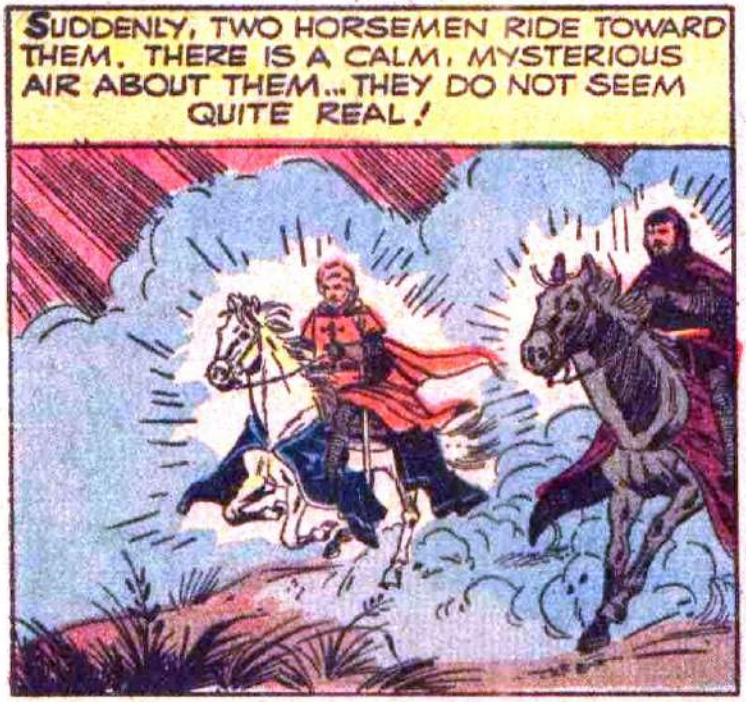
AT THE PRISON OF CASTROVIEJO, THE GOVERNOR OF THE PRISON RECEIVES TWO CALLERS.
WHO COMES HERE?
THE INFANTA OF NAVARRE! I WISH TO SEE THE PRISONER, DON GONZALES!
I CANNOT ALLOW IT, MY LADY! MY ORDERS ARE HE IS TO HAVE NO VISITORS...
YOU DARE REFUSE THE INFANTA OF NAVARRE...?
NO, MY LADY-- BUT YOUR BROTHER, THE KING, MUST NOT KNOW!
HE WILL NOT KNOW! LEAD THE WAY. MY MINSTREL, JERIFAN, WILL REMAIN OUTSIDE...
I PRAY YOU, MAKE YOUR VISIT BRIEF. CALL ME IF YOU NEED ME, MY LADY!
OH, I WILL. NOW LEAVE ME!
SURELY I AM DREAMING!
NO, MY COUNT! TOUCH ME AND YOU WILL BELIEVE IT! JUST AS YOU MUST BELIEVE I PLAYED NO PART IN THE RUSE WHICH DELIVERED YOU HERE!

MY BELOVED, YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE COME HERE. YOUR BROTHER'S ORDERS...
QUIET! TAKE THIS AND DO AS I SAY! IT IS YOUR ONLY CHANCE!
HELP! JAILER-- HELP!
A MOMENT LATER, THE GOVERNOR OF THE JAIL MEETS THE SAME FATE...
JERIFAN, MY MINSTREL, WILL CUT THE ROPE WHICH LOWERS THE GRATE PROTECTING THE GUARDS' PASSAGEWAY. THEY WILL BE TRAPPED INSIDE...
WE NEED ONLY SLIP BY THEM!


AS FERNANDO AND SANCHA SLIP PAST THE GUARDS...
JERIFAN CUTS THROUGH THE ROPES THAT RAISE AND LOWER THE GRATE SEALING OFF THE GUARDS!
THE ROPES ARE CUT!
WHO RIDES OFF ON HORSEBACK...?
QUICK--LOOK TO THE PRISONER!
SLAM!
SLAM!
AND AS FERNANDO AND SANCHA MAKE THEIR WAY TO CASTILE AND FREEDOM, THE VAST, ARMED MIGHT OF THE CALIPH ABDER-RAMAN IS ALSO ON THE MARCH... TOWARD CASTILE!

WITH FERNANDO GONZALES GONE WE WILL SURELY NEED GOD'S HELP AGAINST THE MOORS...

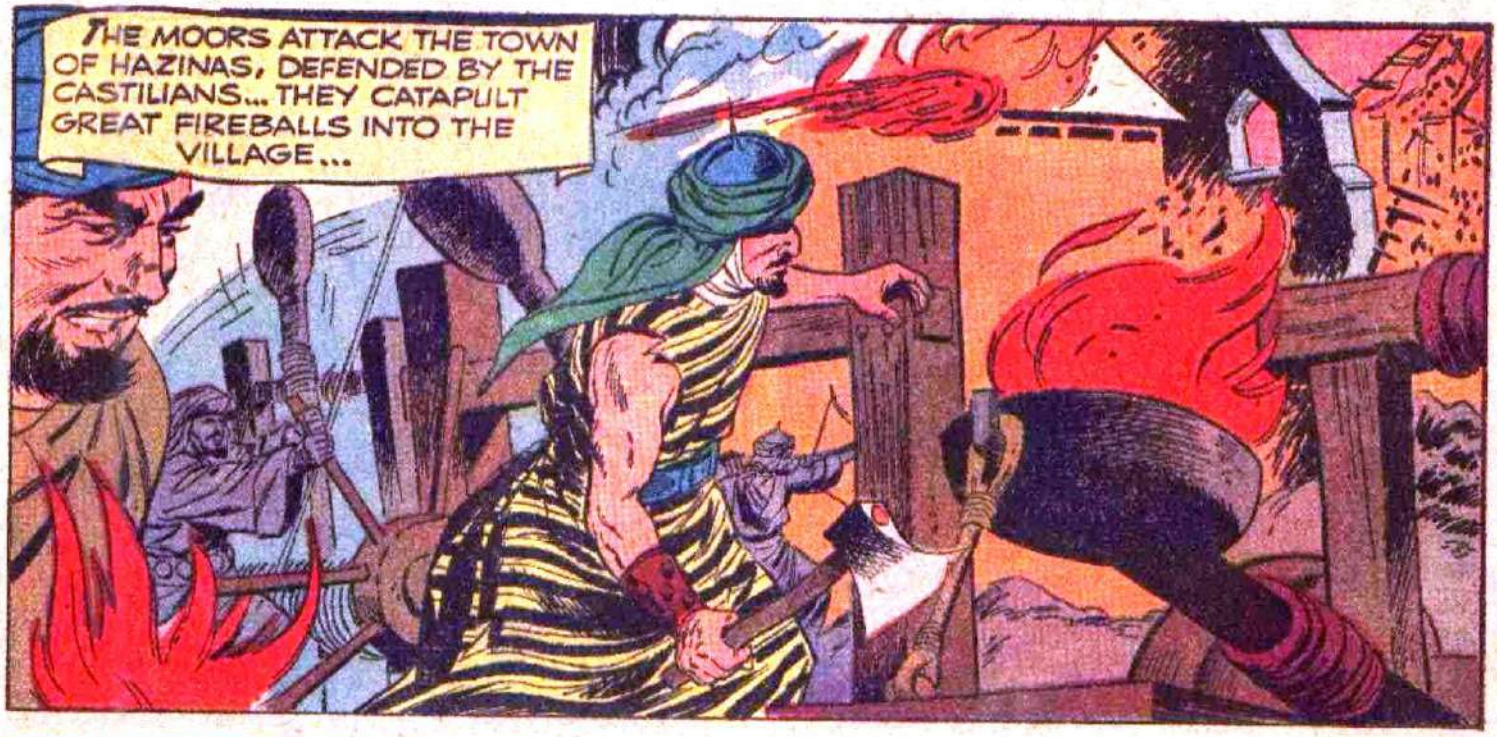

AH, THE AIR OF CASTILE FEELS GOOD!
FERNANDO, SOMEBODY CALLS!


SUDDENLY, TWO HORSEMEN RIDE TOWARD THEM. THERE IS A CALM, MYSTERIOUS AIR ABOUT THEM... THEY DO NOT SEEM QUITE REAL!

WE HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU, SENOR. YOUR PACE HAS BEEN SLOW.
WHO ARE YOU?

MERELY... TWO CHRISTIAN CAVALIERS. THIS IS... MILLAN. I AM YAGO.

COME. ALREADY THE MOOR PUTS CASTILE TO THE SWORD AND TORCH!


THE MOORS ATTACK THE TOWN OF HAZINAS, DEFENDED BY THE CASTILIANS... THEY CATAPULT GREAT FIREBALLS INTO THE VILLAGE...

THEN, THE HAND-TO-HAND, HOUSE-TO-HOUSE FIGHTING GOES AGAINST CASTILE...

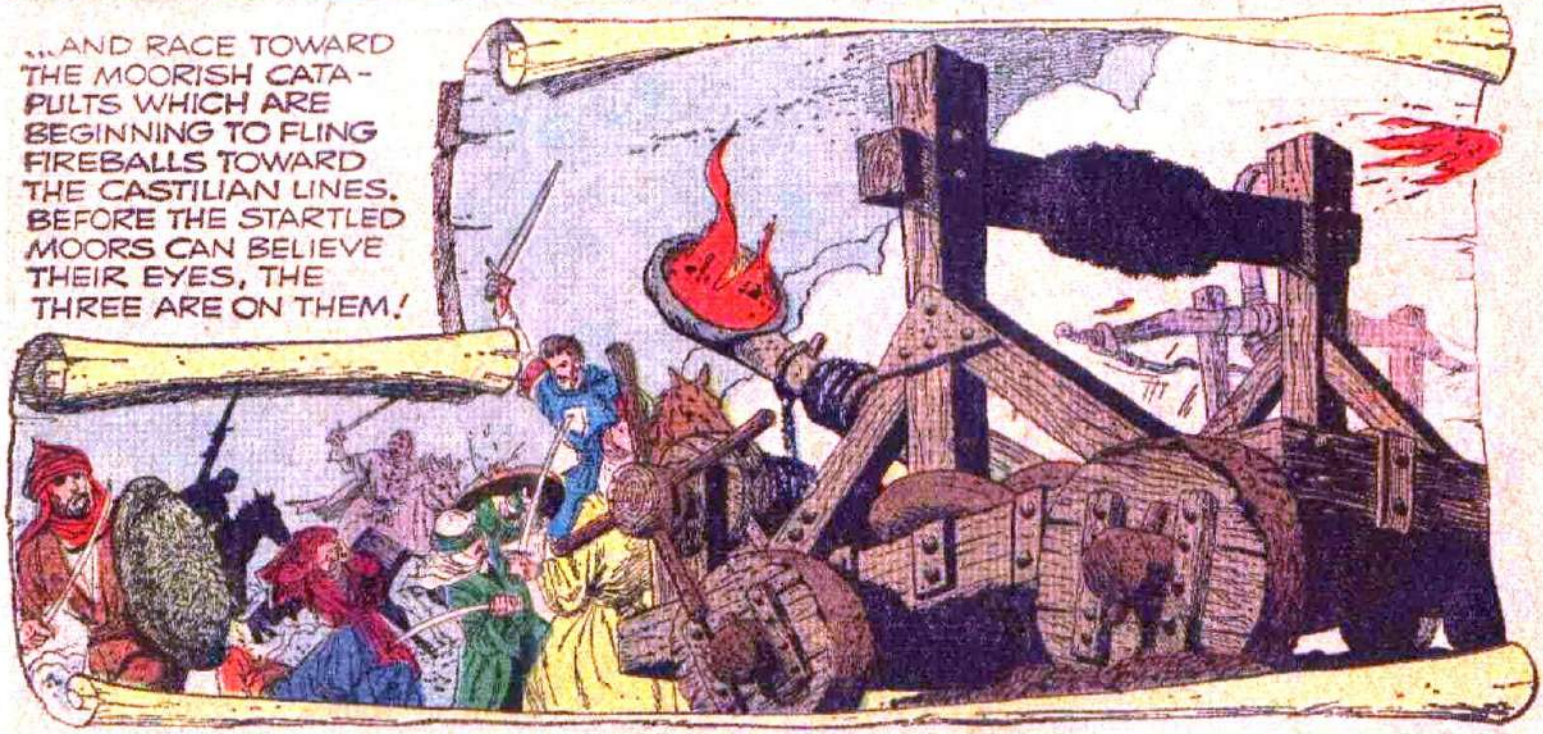
WITHDRAW TO THE CARAZO CLIFFS! IT IS OUR ONLY WAY OUT!

WE MAY BE TRAPPED THERE!
THEN WE WILL DIE TO THE LAST MAN!

LOOK! HE IS BACK! IT IS FERNANDO!

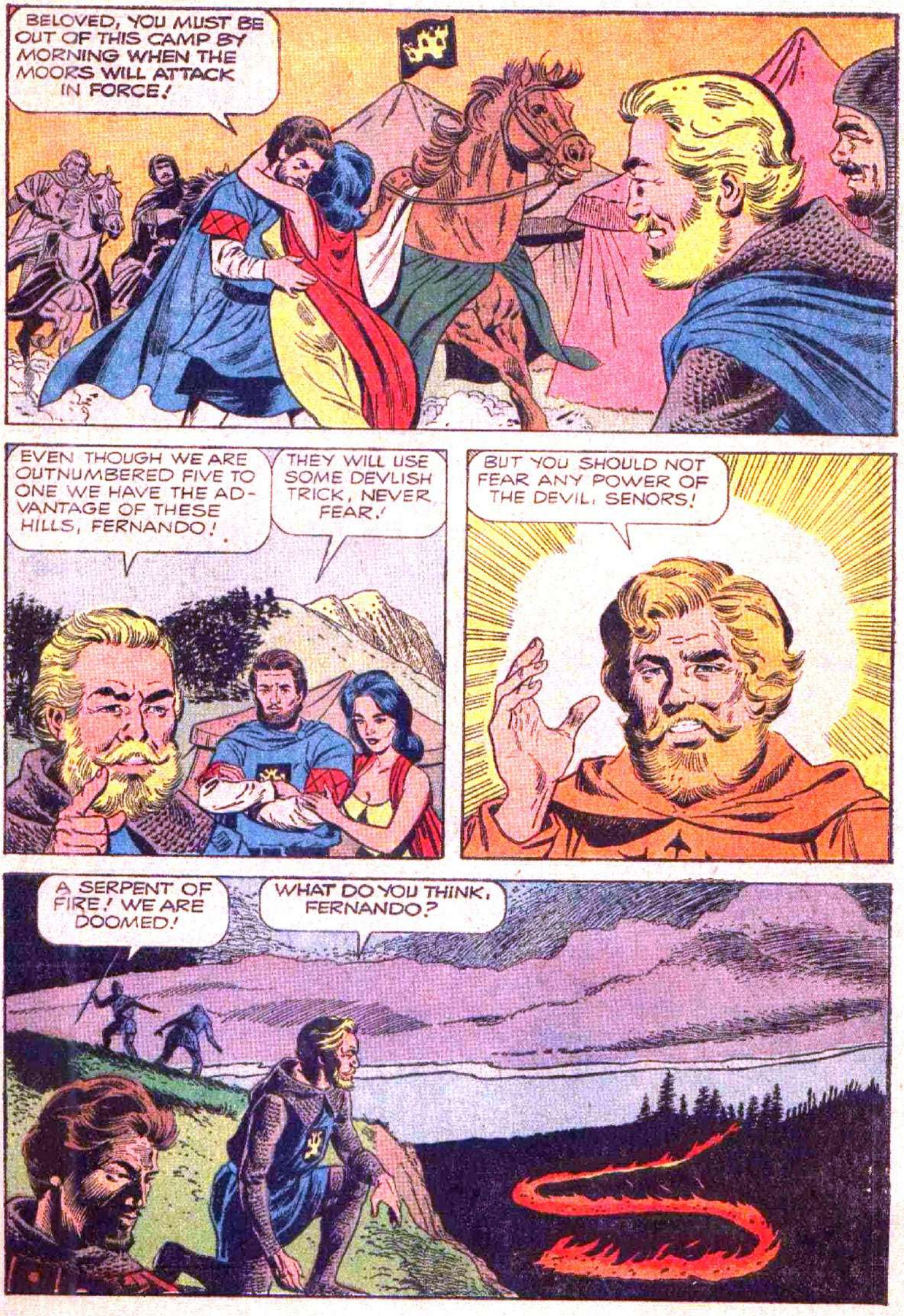
MY LADY, GO DOWN AND JOIN THE MEN OF CASTILE-- AND WAIT FOR US THERE. WE HAVE WORK TO DO!

SUDDENLY FERNANDO AND THE TWO STRANGERS PLUNGE DOWN THE CLIFFS...


...AND RACE TOWARD THE MOORISH CATA-PULTS WHICH ARE BEGINNING TO FLING FIREBALLS TOWARD THE CASTILIAN LINES. BEFORE THE STARTLED MOORS CAN BELIEVE THEIR EYES, THE THREE ARE ON THEM!

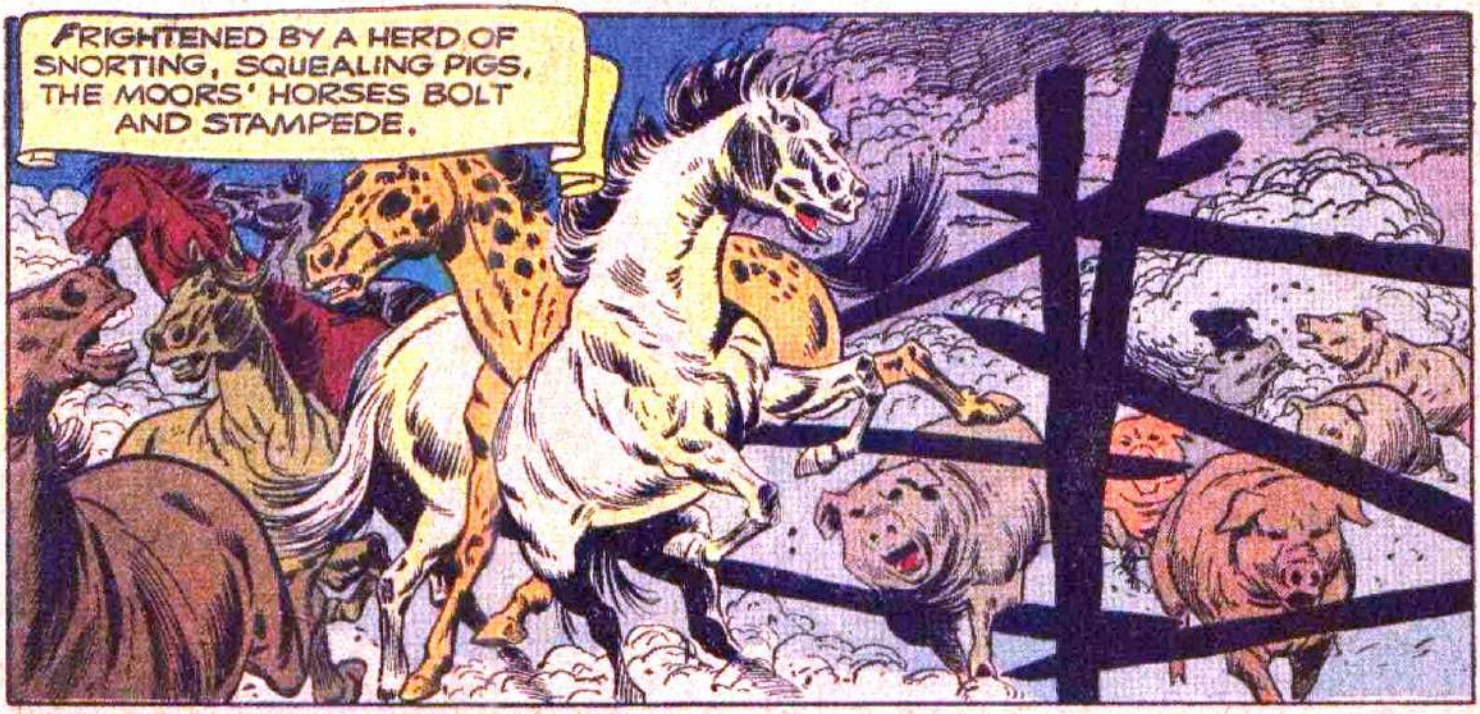
WHO BUT FERNANDO COULD BE SO BRAVE! BUT WHO RIDES WITH HIM, MY LADY?
TWO STRANGE CAVALIERS WITH GOOD SOULS!

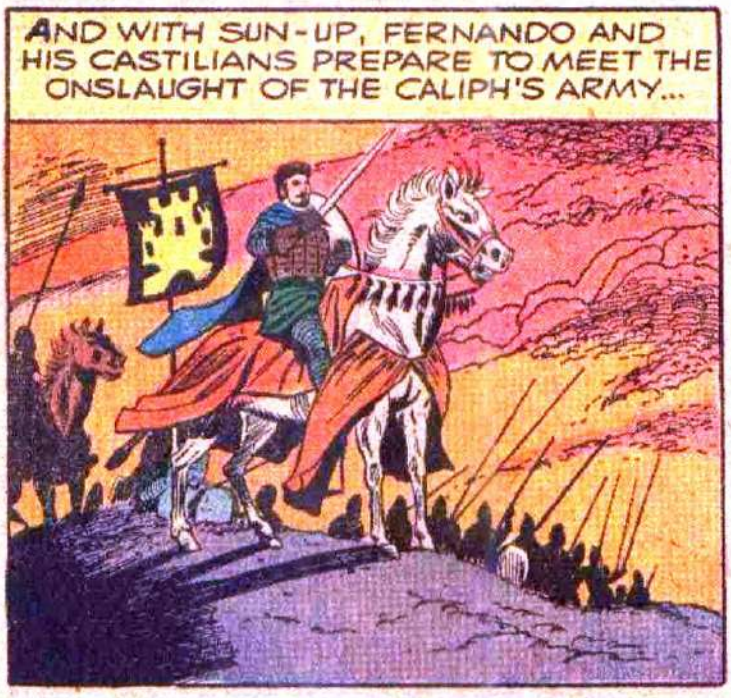
LOOK! FERNANDO DESTROYS THE CATAPULTS. THEY WILL BE USELESS TO THE MOORS!


BELOVED, YOU MUST BE OUT OF THIS CAMP BY MORNING WHEN THE MOORS WILL ATTACK IN FORCE!
EVEN THOUGH WE ARE OUTNUMBERED FIVE TO ONE WE HAVE THE ADVANTAGE OF THESE HILLS, FERNANDO!
THEY WILL USE SOME DEVLISH TRICK, NEVER FEAR!
BUT YOU SHOULD NOT FEAR ANY POWER OF THE DEVIL, SENORS!
A SERPENT OF FIRE! WE ARE DOOMED!
WHAT DO YOU THINK, FERNANDO?

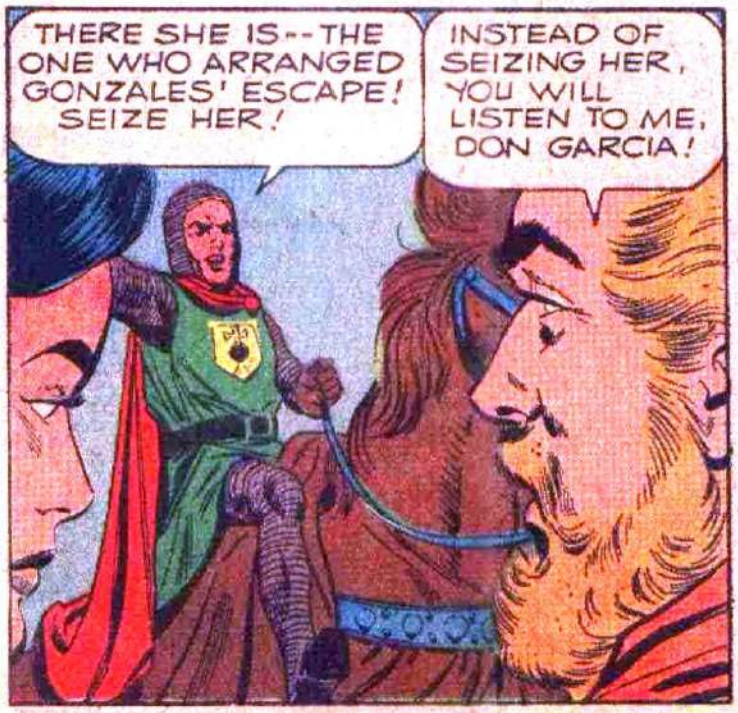
THE MEN ARE TERRIFIED, MY LORD! THEY SAY THE SERPENT WILL DEVOUR THEM!
THEY HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR! IT IS NOT A SERPENT!
THE MOORS HAVE MERELY SET A SERIES OF FIRES WHICH THEY COVER AND UNCOVER WITH BLANKETS TO MAKE THE WHOLE THING APPEAR TO MOVE TOWARD US!
YOU ARE A WISE MAN, SENOR!
CAPTAIN, TELL THE MEN THEY HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR... YOU ARE STRANGE MEN, SENORS YAGO AND MILLAN. SOME DAY YOU MUST TELL ME WHERE YOU COME FROM!
YES--BUT NOW, PERHAPS, WE CAN TELL YOU HOW TO DEFEAT THE MOORS IN BATTLE TOMORROW!

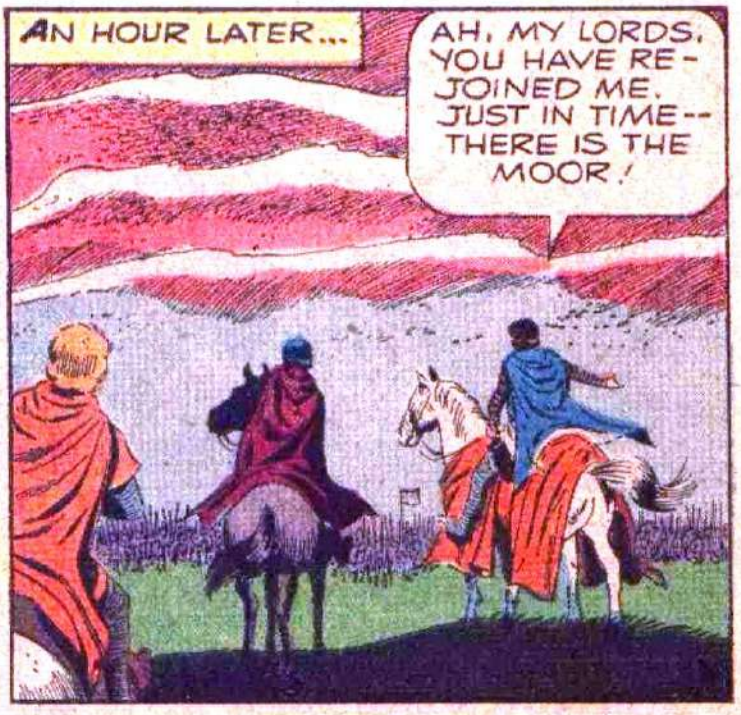
THE MOORS FIGHT BEST ON HORSES, MY LORD. AND THEY HAVE MANY MORE HORSES THAN YOU.
TRUE, SENOR...
IF YOU CAN GET RID OF THEIR HORSES YOU CAN DEFEAT THEM TOMORROW, NO MATTER HOW BADLY OUTNUMBERED YOU ARE!
AND TO GET RID OF THEIR HORSES...?
THE MOORS ARE SUPERSTITIOUS ABOUT PIGS. THEY WILL NEVER GO NEAR THEM...
I SEE YOUR PLAN, SENORS! JERONIMO, ROUND UP EVERY PIG IN THE VALLEY. NOW! BE BACK BEFORE DAWN...!
WHAT MADNESS IS THIS, MY LORD?
AND JUST BEFORE DAWN... THE CASTILIANS STEAL ON THE MOORISH CAMP, DRIVING BEFORE THEM A GREAT HERD OF PIGS... PIGS WITH BELLS AND BURRS TIED TO THEM... PIGS DIPPED IN FOUL ODORS...


FRIGHTENED BY A HERD OF SNORTING, SQUEALING PIGS, THE MOORS' HORSES BOLT AND STAMPEDE.


AND WITH SUN-UP, FERNANDO AND HIS CASTILIANS PREPARE TO MEET THE ONSLAUGHT OF THE CALIPH'S ARMY...

SENOR YAGO -- SENOR MILLAN -- YOU DO NOT JOIN FERNANDO?
WE WILL -- SOON. AFTER WE TALK TO YOUR BROTHER, KING GARCIA OF NAVARRE!


THERE SHE IS -- THE ONE WHO ARRANGED GONZALES' ESCAPE! SEIZE HER!
INSTEAD OF SEIZING HER, YOU WILL LISTEN TO ME, DON GARCIA!

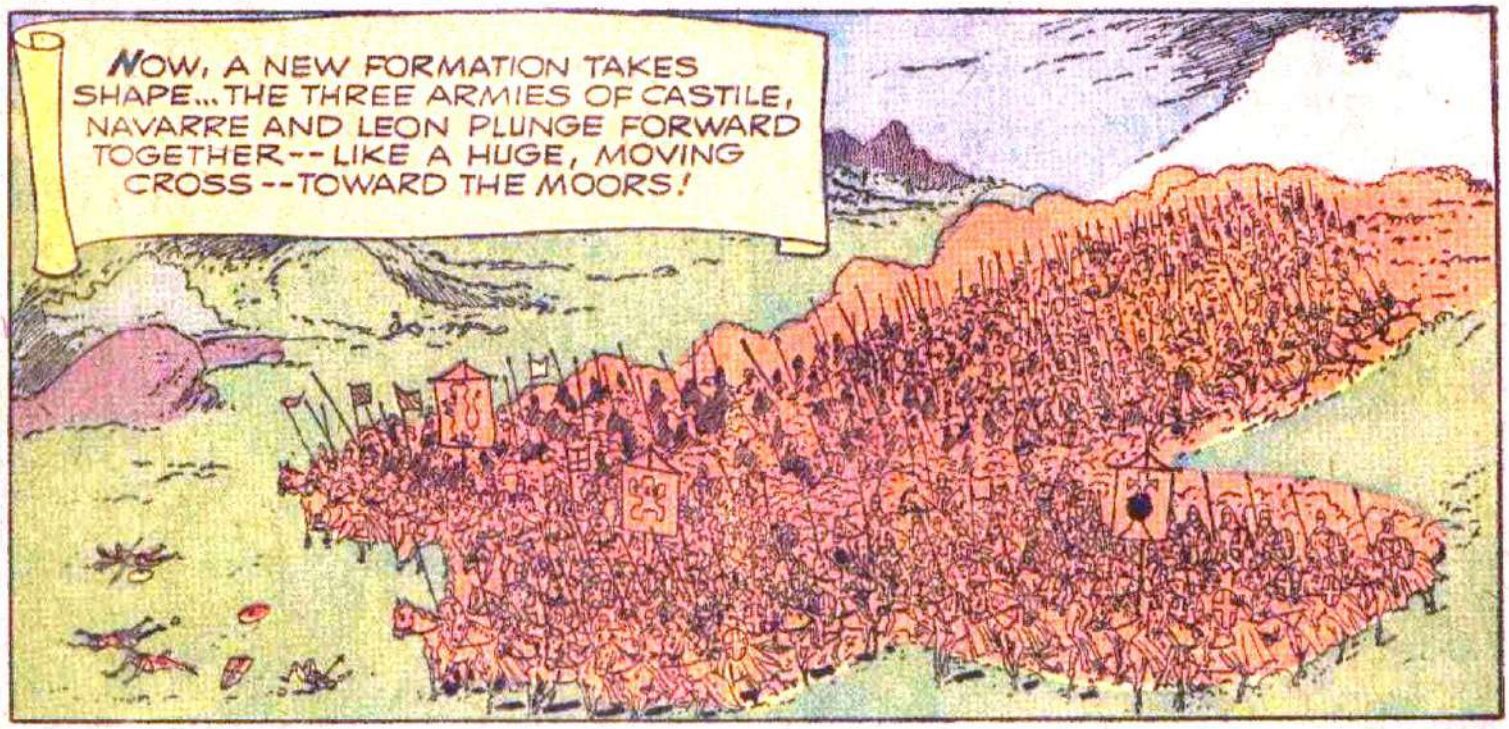

AN HOUR LATER...
AH, MY LORDS, YOU HAVE RE-JOINED ME. JUST IN TIME -- THERE IS THE MOOR!

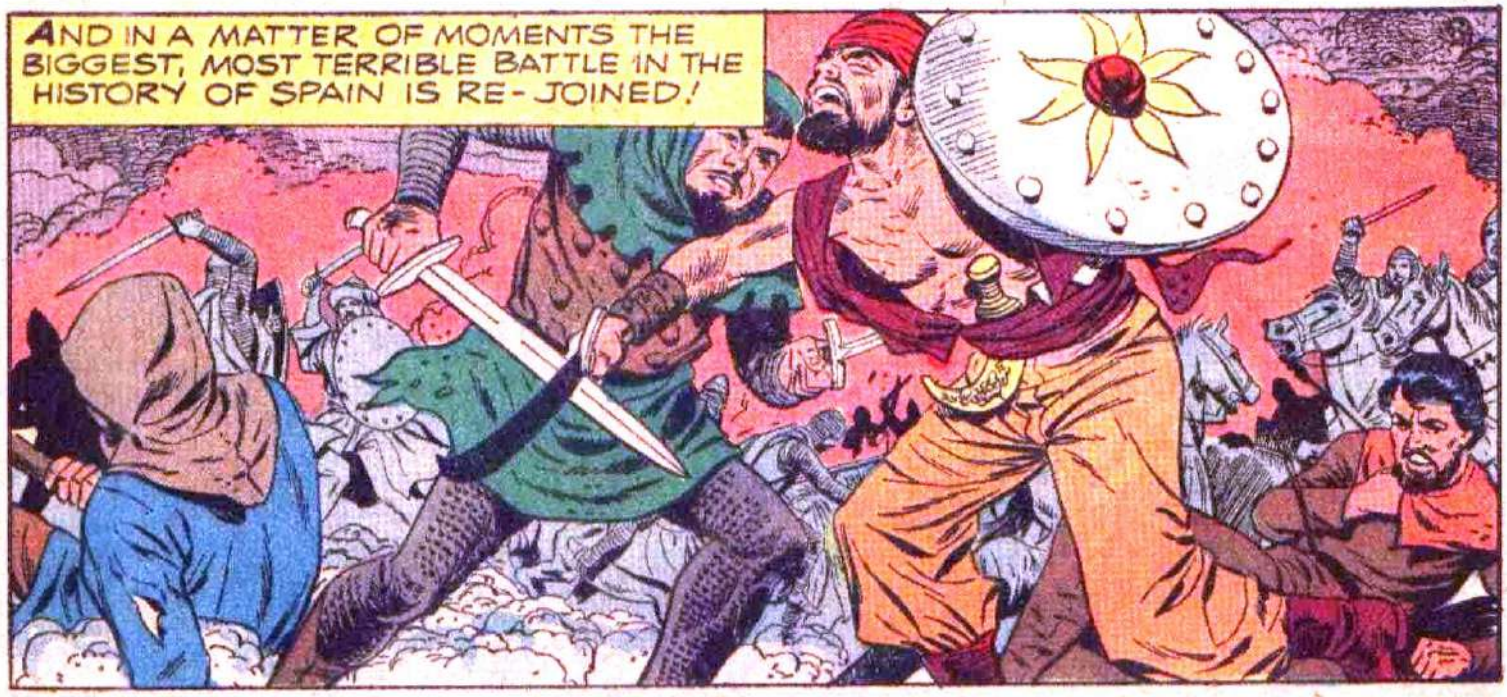
MOORS AND CASTILIANS MEET HEAD-ON. EVEN WITH MANY OF HIS MOUNTS DISPERSED BY THE PIGS, THE CALIPH'S HORSEMEN STILL OUTNUMBER CASTILE... AND HIS FOOT SOLDIERS ARE FAR GREATER IN NUMBER!

THE CALIPH, HIMSELF, PLUNGES INTO THE THICK OF IT.
FOR ALLAH...!

THE BATTLE GOES AGAINST US, FERNANDO! SHALL WE WITHDRAW?
NO, JERONIMO--LOOK! A MIRACLE! THE KING OF NAVARRE JOINS US!

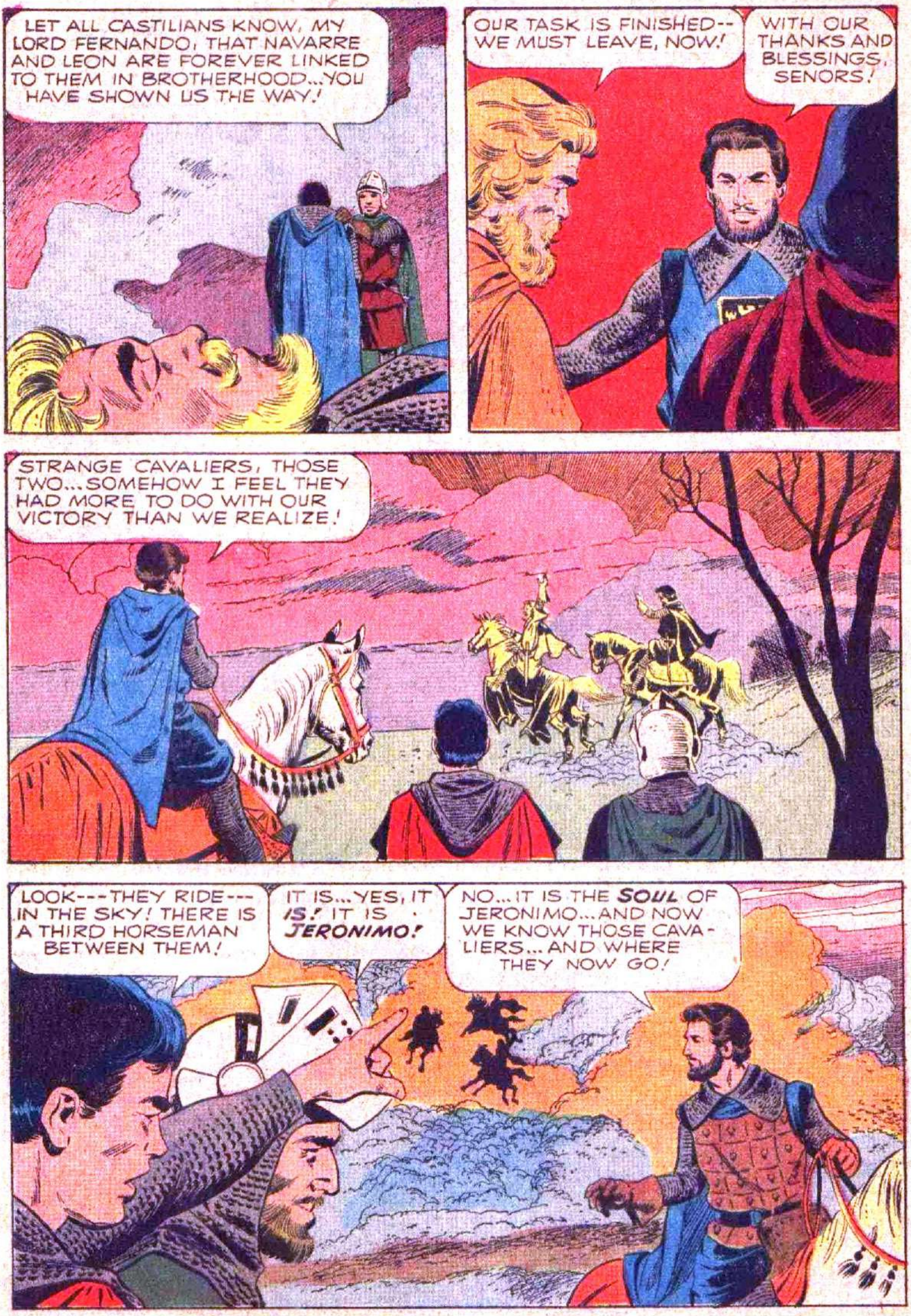
AS KING GARCIA OF NAVARRE THUNDERS DOWN FROM THE SIDE, THE MOORS PULL BACK TO REGROUP THEIR FORCES...AND FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE VALLEY COMES...
LEON! THE KING OF LEON...!
WE ARE ALL TOGETHER NOW--ONE FAMILY!
ONLY THE ANGELS COULD HAVE ARRANGED THIS FOR US, MY LORD!
PERHAPS HE IS RIGHT, MY LORD MILLAN!
PERHAPS, MY LORD YAGO...COME, THIS WILL BE THE FINAL CHARGE!


NOW, A NEW FORMATION TAKES SHAPE...THE THREE ARMIES OF CASTILE, NAVARRE AND LEON PLUNGE FORWARD TOGETHER--LIKE A HUGE, MOVING CROSS--TOWARD THE MOORS!


AND IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS THE BIGGEST, MOST TERRIBLE BATTLE IN THE HISTORY OF SPAIN IS RE-JOINED!

WITHIN THE HOUR THE CALIPH ABDER-RAMAN KNOWS HE IS BEATEN...
WITHDRAW! WITHDRAW!

CASTILE, LEON AND NAVARRE ARE TRIUMPHANT, BUT THE COST IS GREAT... ESPECIALLY TO FERNANDO GONZALES...
JERONIMO, MY FRIEND...MY TRUE BROTHER!
DO NOT GRIEVE, MY LORD...YOU HAVE UNITED ALL OF SPAIN...AND YOU WILL HAVE... THE INFANTA SANCHA...


LET ALL CASTILIANS KNOW, MY LORD FERNANDO, THAT NAVARRE AND LEON ARE FOREVER LINKED TO THEM IN BROTHERHOOD...YOU HAVE SHOWN US THE WAY!
OUR TASK IS FINISHED--WE MUST LEAVE, NOW!
WITH OUR THANKS AND BLESSINGS, SENORS!
STRANGE CAVALIERS, THOSE TWO...SOMEHOW I FEEL THEY HAD MORE TO DO WITH OUR VICTORY THAN WE REALIZE!
LOOK---THEY RIDE---IN THE SKY! THERE IS A THIRD HORSEMAN BETWEEN THEM!
IT IS...YES, IT IS! IT IS JERONIMO!
NO...IT IS THE SOUL OF JERONIMO...AND NOW WE KNOW THOSE CAVALIERS...AND WHERE THEY NOW GO!

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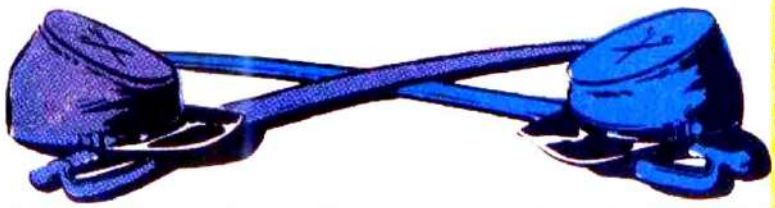

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